

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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This number of UNITY is respectfully dedicated to our humble fellow creatures who, denied articulate speech, are unable to plead for themselves; hoping thereby to decrease the cruelty in the world and to increase the sense of the sacredness of life.

A LARGE issue of this paper is published with the view of wide distribution. Copies will be supplied at \$2.00 per hundred, including Supplement. Single copies, five cents.

WE have hardly credited the current report that many birds are flayed alive in order to preserve the brilliancy of their plumage. Will somebody, if possible, deny authoritatively this, which, if true, has well been called "the crowning horror".

"OPEN the mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction."

"BUT ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee."

"A RIGHTEOUS man regardeth the life of his beast."

"THE Lord is good to all and his tender mercies are over his works." He is most godlike who partakes most of the divine quality of mercy.

WE commend the following lines, written nearly 100 years ago by Professor Hurdis, to the little boys who are waiting for the time when they may go bird-nesting. If

the nest thus challenges the reverence of the thoughtful, how much more that which made the nest and that which the nest is to contain!

A bird's nest! Mark it well within, without;
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?

THIS Hartford milkman would join our UNITY Fellowship of Mercy, we think, and gladly sign the Recognitions in our Supplement of this week. On a hot day last summer he was overheard in this confidential talk with his horse: "We've made a mistake, old fellow. How would you like to turn around and go back this hot morning? We went by a customer's house without leaving any milk. It was partly your fault. You always stop there. What made you go by this time? Still, it was partly my fault, too. On the whole I think it was the most my fault. I order stopped you. Well, old horse, you stay here, and I'll go back with the milk. It's only fair between man and beast." And the kind-hearted fellow went back with his milk-can quite a little distance and let his horse rest in the shade.

MARTIN LUTHER said, "Christ makes the birds our masters and teachers, so that a feeble sparrow, to our great and perpetual shame, stands in the gospels as a doctor and preacher to the wisest of men." And still men despise these fellow-creatures of theirs and put to death their teachers. And women wear upon their hats the dead bodies of those whose lessons they have excluded from their hearts.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

HENRY THOREAU, being urged once to prepare some of his feathered friends for the museum, replied: "My field-glass brings them nearer me than a gun can."

"BLESSED are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"BEHOLD the fowls of the air: For they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; and yet your heavenly father feedeth them."

PRESIDENT ANGELL addressed last winter some 30,000 pupils of the Boston schools, speaking against bird-nesting and bird-killing. It is estimated that 100,000 birds' eggs, which means 100,000 birds next fall, might be saved

if the boys would let them alone. This devastation is made but little more justifiable by the mock science which calls these little vandals "collectors".

"ARE not five sparrows sold for two farthings? And not one of them is forgotten before God."

"WHAT man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out?"

"YEA, the sparrow hath found an house and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord! Blessed are they who dwell in thy house!"

LOVE'S LORDLINESS.

It befell

In the royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himala's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
Which seeing, Prince Siddartha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light, kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled:
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.
Then some one came who said, "My prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay", quoth Siddartha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fallen 'tis mine,
Give me my prize, fair cousin." Then our lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the prince disputes,
Let him submit this matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird":

Which judgment all found just; but when the king
Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone;
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
The gods come oftentimes thus! So our Lord Buddha
Began his works of mercy.

—Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*.

No more interesting and religious collection of prose and poetry can be put into the hands of the boys and girls of to-day than a humble volume of "Selections" to be obtained at *Our Dumb Animals* office, 19 Milk street, Boston, containing readings for public and private, illustrating and advocating kindness to all creatures. The three parts bound in one volume contain 25 pages of selections from the poems of Henry W. Longfellow alone. It is a surprise and delight even to the habitual reader of Longfellow to find how much and how well the author of the "Bell of Atri" has "plead the cause of those dumb mouths that have no speech".

THIS is from *Our Dumb Animals*: A Vassar graduate, out in the country, went into the stable of a farm house. "Dear me, how close the poor cows are crowded together", she remarked.

"Yes, mum, but we have to do it."

"Why so?"

"To get condensed milk."

A FEW friends in Boston, that capital of the humanities, are determined to call public attention to the subject of vivisection once more. Two tracts, one by Doctor Lefingwell, an American, another by Doctor Macaulay, a Scotchman, will be sent to any one for two two-cent stamps. Address A. Firth, *Herald* building, Boston. The poet perhaps more than the scientist will successfully expose this barbarity. The following poem from Robert Browning strikes a blow not only at vivisection, but sets the thoughtful thinking on many lines.

TRAY.

Sing me a hero! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards!

. Quoth Bard the first:

"Sir Olaf, the good knight did don
His helm and eke his habergeon"
Sir Olaf and his bard!—

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second),
"That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
My hero to some steep, beneath
Which precipice smiled tempting Death"
You too without your host have reckoned!

"A beggar-child" (let's hear this third!)
"Sat on a quay's edge; like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!
Help, you the standers-by!' None stirred.

"By-standers reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. 'How well he dives!

"Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!
Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
Another child to save? All right!

"How strange we saw no other fall!
It's instinct in the animal.

Good dog! But he's a long while under:
If he got drowned I should not wonder—
Strong current, that against the wall!

"Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
—What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished—the child's doll from the slime!"

"And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—
Till somebody, prerogative
With reason, reasoned: 'Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

"John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
Purchase that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteen pence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!"

Robert Browning.

"TRAY", the hero of Browning's poem printed above, was a real dog and the incident described was actually witnessed in Paris by a friend of the poet. He was "only a dog". We wish we had room for the poem of this title written by Mrs. E. J. Nichols of the New Orleans *Picayune*, in memory of her dog "Mat". It closes as follows:

"He has no soul." How know you that?
What have we now, that had not Mat,
Save idle speech!
If from the Bible I can read
Him soulless, then I own no creed
The preachers preach.

My dog had love, and faith and joy—
As much as had my baby boy—
Intelligence;
Could smell, see, hear, and suffer pain.
What makes a soul, if these are vain?
When I go hence,

'Tis my belief my dog will be
Among the first to welcome me.
Believing that,
I keep his collar and his bell,
And do not say to him farewell,
But good-bye, Mat,
Dear faithful Mat.

THE dog has had many friends in modern times. Cuvier calls him "the most useful conquest that man has gained in the animal world, the only animal which has followed man over the whole earth"; but dogs and human love for them are not modern. We give below Robert Ingersoll's version of a legend which is not Egyptian, but Hindoo, in its origin, a legend which Alger in his "Oriental Poetry" has turned into English verse, of which, if we mistake not, Edwin Arnold has given us a still later version.

WHAT OF MY DOG?

Endesthora was a King of Egypt, who started for the place where the horizon touched the earth, where he was to meet God. With him followed Argune, and Bemis, and Traubation. They were taught that, when any man started after God in that way, if he had been guilty of any crime he would fall by the way. Endesthora walked at the head and suddenly he missed Argune. He said Argune was not always merciful in the hour of victory. A little while after he missed Bemis, and said: "He fought not so much for the rights of man as for his own glory." A little

further on he missed Traubation. He said: "My God, I know no reason for his failing to reach the place where the horizon touches the earth." And the god Ram appeared to him, and, opening the curtains of the sky, said to him, "Enter". And Endesthora said: "But where are my brethren? Where are Argune, and Bemis, and Traubation?" And the god said: "They sinned in their time, and they are condemned to suffer below." Then said Endesthora: "I do not wish to enter into your heaven without my friends. If they are below, then I will join them." But the god said: "They are here before you. I said this to try your soul." Endesthora simply turned and said: "But what of my dog?" The god said: "Thou knowest that if the shadow of a dog fall upon the sacrifice it is unclean. How, then, can a dog enter heaven?" And Endesthora replies: "I know that; and I know another thing: that ingratitude is the blackest of crimes, whether it be to man or beast. That dog has been my faithful friend. He has followed me and I will not desert even him." And the god said: "Let the dog follow."

MR. GORDON estimates that it will take three generations of mankind to restore the birds to the numbers and conditions of four years ago. This colossal crime against nature has been perpetrated by women.

THE best summary of the plumage devastation is to be found in "Bulletin No. 1" of the "American Ornithologists' Union", and can be obtained of E. B. Bicknell, box 2958, New York, N. Y.

THE reed-bird is the winter name of the bobolink, the sky-lark of America, which Mr. Gordon calls "the most glorious songster of our northern meadows, and the best friend the farmer has among the feathered tribes". Reed-birds are delicacies on toast at high-toned suppers. To these gentlemen we commend the following poem on

THE BUNCH OF LARKS.

Portly he was, in carriage somewhat grand;
Of gentleman he wore the accepted marks;
He thrived the busy street, and in his hand
He bore a bunch of larks!

There be some things that *may* be carried—yes,
A gentleman may carry larks,—if dead;
Or any slaughter'd game; not fish, still less
The homely beef or bread.

I met him in the street, and turn'd about,
And mused long after he had flaunted by.
A bunch of larks! and his intent, no doubt,
To have them in a pie.

Yes, four-and-twenty larks baked in a pie!
O, what a feast of melody is there!
The ringing chorus of a summer sky!
A dish of warbling air!

How many dusty wanderers of the earth
Have those still'd voices lifted from the dust!
And now to end their almost Heavenly mirth
Beneath a gourmand's crust!

But as he picks their thin ambrosial throats,
Will no accusing memories arise,
Of grassy glebes, and heaven-descending notes,
And soul-engulfing skies?

"Give me", cries he, "the *substance* of a thing—
Something that I can eat, or drink, or feel—
A poem for the money it will bring—
Larks for the dainty meal."

Well, he may have his substance, and I mine.
 Deep in my soul the throbbing lark-notes lie.
 My substance lasts, and takes a life divine—
 His passes with the pie.

Robert Leighton.

"It is estimated that 1,812,998 cattle perished last winter for want of shelter and water, and all these were not on the western plains. Upwards of 26,000 represents the Ohio loss, Indiana 30,000, and Illinois 70,000." So says the New York *Tribune*.

A RHYME TO THE RANCHMEN, JANUARY, 1886.

Do you hear the cattle lowing
 On the hill?
 There's a bitter north-wind blowing;
 It is freezing; it is snowing;
 And the cattle—they are lowing
 On the hill.

Do you know that they are dying
 On the hill?
 You have found their thin forms lying,—
 Voices dumb to Heaven crying
 That they're starving, freezing, dying
 On the hill.

O, my brothers! ye do wrong,
 Thus to kill.
 Justice, though she tarry long,
 Comes at last to weak and strong.
 Ye must suffer for the wrong
 On the hill.

E. G. B., in *Unity*.

FROM one of our earnest brothers in a country-parish comes the hint of a true minister-work attempted. It is a card which reads as follows:

*"My strength is as the strength of ten
 Because my heart is pure."*—Sir Galahad (Tennyson).

I.....
 IN EARNEST DESIRE FOR THE UPBUILDING OF MANKIND IN WAYS OF
 STRENGTH AND PURITY, DO HEREBY RECOGNIZE IT AS
 AN OBLIGATION BINDING UPON ME.

- 1.—To treat all women with respect, and to endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
- 2.—To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
- 3.—To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
- 4.—To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try to help my younger brothers.
- 5.—To use every possible means to fulfill the admonition, "Keep thyself pure."

This recognition given to ————, ————, 18——

ACCORDING to this story we wish all the horses and the rest of the animals might join the Episcopal church. It is told of an old Baptist parson, famous in Virginia, that he once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked which barn he would have his horse put in. "Have you two barns?" asked the Doctor. "Yes, sah", replied the darkey: "dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes built a new one." "Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?" "Well, sah, if dey's Methodist or Baptist, we gen'ally puts 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals we puts 'em in de new one." "Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

ONE of the paradoxical things, as it seems to us, is the horror of the sportsman over the slaughter of birds. One of the most active forces in the Audubon Society, if not the originator of it, is the *Field and Stream*, a paper devoted largely to sporting interests, and a letter we have received pleading for the birds from that office is written

on paper that has an illustrated heading, in which are displayed the gun, the rod, and other paraphernalia of destruction.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE.

*To see a world in a grain of sand,
 And a heaven in a wild flower;
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
 And eternity in an hour.*

A Robin Redbreast in a cage
 Puts all heaven in a rage;
 A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
 Shudders hell through all its regions.
 A dog starved at his master's gate
 Predicts the ruin of the state;
 A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
 Doth the rising sun affright;
 A horse misused upon the road
 Calls to heaven for human blood.
 Each outcry of the hunted hare
 A fibre from the brain doth tear;
 A skylark wounded on the wing
 Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
 He who shall hurt the little wren
 Shall never be beloved by men;
 He who the ox to wrath has moved
 Shall never be by woman loved.
 Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
 For the Last Judgment draweth nigh;
 The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
 Feed them and thou shalt grow fat.
 The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar,
 Are waves that beat on heaven's shore.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

ABOUT PLEDGES.

We fear that the "Pledge" is an instrument that does a deal of harm along with any good it does. As commonly used in reform work it tends to make a solemn promise seem a light thing to the mind. The danger comes from two sides. The favorite pledge is a life-pledge; but a life-bond, with no *ifs* in it allowed for any after-change of thought or circumstance, is, and ought to seem, a very *awing* thing to the mind,—however simple and sure and right the act may be to which it is applied. Young children, instead of being encouraged, ought never to be permitted to take a pledge for life. Their temperance pledges, for instance, ought to be for definite short times,—six months, a year, or till some card of membership is formally surrendered. The sense of truth and honor in the method is even more important than the temperance aimed at as the end. The second danger lies in vaguely worded exaggerations of the obligation entered into. To instance here, we should not dare ourselves to sign the new Audubon society's pledges, which involve a "promise to discourage and prevent so far as I can the killing" of the birds by others,—"*by every means in my power* to discourage the use of feathers for decorative purposes". Such phrases mean so very much, if one is literal and conscientious, while to the easy-going they mean so very little! Or rather, the words mean what they say, but few who sign will really and exactly mean the words,—"*so far as I can*", "*by every means in my power*",—and fewer still will make them good by deed. But why hurt, then, the sense of truthfulness by using them? A "pledge" should name, we think, some clear-cut act to do or to abstain from,—that, and nothing more; and if for a clear-cut time, it is almost always better yet. So framed, a pledge may be educational in its effect, both individually and socially. Its main good is to seal a purpose supposed to be already in the heart, and to symbolize co-operation in this purpose. The simplest form suffices for these ends, and is the one most apt to last inviolate.

The forms we offer in our Supplement to-day for signature are not even pledges of this simple kind. We have borrowed a friend's word: they are but "recognitions", publicly acknowledged, of what to-day we feel as obligations resting on our manhood or our womanhood. If to-morrow we think differently,—think that manhood and womanhood do not thus compel us,—we are left free to act by that better light. In other words, the forms are open to neither of the dangers spoken of above; and yet, if we mistake not, the appeal they make is more, not less, impressive than the usual "pledge", and will sink deeper into memory and life.

Contributed Articles.

ON HIM I BELIEVE.

Who maketh the birds
To build their nests warm,
To nurture and cherish their young,
To have a sweet home
Through sunshine and storm
The vast solar systems among,
On Him I believe,
In Him I will trust
And rest and rejoice evermore.

Who maketh the wounds
Of wild beasts to heal,
The force of the storm to pass by,
To yield to the power
Of goodness, and kneel
To something up-building and high,
On Him I believe,
In Him I will trust
And rest and rejoice evermore.

Who bringeth the soul
Up out of the waste,
To dream, then to seek, then to find,
To solve, one by one,
The vast problems faced
As a wall by the front of mankind,
On Him I believe,
In Him I will trust
And rest and rejoice evermore.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

COOKSVILLE, Wisconsin.

HUNTING FOR SPORT.

Friends who are skillful hunters, "let us reason together". I have to confess, though not with pride, that I share not the fascination which you find in shooting, nor, indeed, have any skill therein. Only once in my life I have fired a gun, and then at a target, which I hit not; nor do I find pleasure in pursuit of game on land, in air or in water. Notwithstanding, I should be of small mind if on that account I understood nothing of the pleasure, nor had any sympathy with what I did not share. I do understand, and I hope appreciate, the delight of the skill which you have attained with your weapons; I suppose also there is great excitement in contending with the wonderful intelligence, cunning, speed, which animals often show in eluding pursuers. The exercise of any power, I know well, is pleasurable; yet here, indeed, I must depart a little from approval if not from understanding. For I fear that part of the pleasure of the exercise of power lies in a certain delight in destruction. Otherwise, why not shoot at marks, and if special skill be what is sought, then at flying marks, arranged to pass with swift motion across the field, for which I have seen some devices? Yet I suppose

this would not take the place of field sports; and even when the open air, the brisk breeze, the fragrant forest, the wide landscape, the ample room, are all thrown in, still I fear that at bottom, perhaps beneath our consciousness often, there is still a certain delight in destruction which has survived from savagery; for I can think it no otherwise than barbarous.

Now of this hunting for sport let us, I say, reason together. First, ask with me what are the rights of the lower animals, and what man's rights over them. I offer an answer thus: We have the right to exterminate noxious creatures, as venomous serpents, of which, indeed, there are few here, but which throng in India and other such climates, killing thousands of human beings every year. So likewise tigers, hyenas, wolves, and the like. Wallace thinks we may look to a time when the world shall produce only cultivated plants and domestic animals, since now the reason of man has risen over the bodily evolution of nature. I know not; for myself, I would not have it so. I love the wild things, the beautiful untamed creatures, both fauna and the slender flora of woods, lowlands, uplands, which no gardener's art matches for delicacy and rare beauty. But the harmful creatures must go. Again, we have the right to take all we need for use. This is a part of nature's general order. So all animals do whose nature it is to live by prey. And man, I must confess it, seems to be a preying creature, indeed, the chief of them; for others prey on only a few creatures, but man on all, and it would seem even on his own kind. Aurelius says that the spider is proud when he has caught a fly, and a certain man when he has entrapped a hare, and another when he has netted a little fish, and another when he has taken a wild boar, and another when he has conquered the Sarmatians; but that the same principle is in all, and the act if wanton is robbery in all. But it need not be wanton; and for use, I say, we may seize rightfully the creatures, either wild or tamed, that nature supports. But has man a right to *exterminate* for his use? That is, by such excessive, unsparing consumption that the species on which he preys becomes extinct before him? I think this is questionable. Looks it not greedy, immodest, not lofty? Besides, have we no duties to coming generations? What right can we have to deprive our coming fellows of the beauties or the uses of certain creatures? The author of a fascinating book just issued, called "Upland and Meadow", relates his chagrin when a gray beard said to him, "You seem to know something about animals, but we had the critters themselves." To use is one thing; but to use unsparingly is not reverential of the limits which nature sets to our use of her gifts; for if nature make and cherish the species, is not a limit set thereby to man's consumption of it, namely, the boundary and duty of non-extermination of what nature has made in harmless beauty? But whether use unto extermination be moral or not, this is sure, that it is not wise, but foolish, improvident; for sometimes it destroys a needful balance in nature—wherefore, insidious, unlooked-for ills come trooping upon us; and always it sacrifices future resources to present superfluity.

But now I come to this question, as to the rights of men and animals: Have we a right to destroy for mere sport? I answer, no. We have no authority over the life and pain of any creature whatever merely for our pleasure, even if we be capable of enjoying destruction and pain; and not any more over the weaker creatures or the lower, as they are called, than over our own kind. Who gave us this authority? Who placed us in ownership of all nature? Time was when it was believed that the strong man might kill or torture a weaker enemy for his pleasure; but it was a savage time; we wonder at it now. By and by, I am sure, a gentler people will wonder at us, because toward the weaker creatures in our power we assume the same right of death or torture which more barbarously our fathers assumed over each other. Thus says a poet on this point, the German Schefer:

"The Marmot has his right too, in his house,
Until the marmot-digger comes upon him,
Beats him to death and takes his household goods—
'Takes', say, the man; 'no', the marmot, 'steals'.
'Man', he would say, 'thy right is mastery,
Right of the stronger.'"

Is there reason, tell me, why might should make right between me and a dove more than between you and me, my fellow man? Is there reason why royal reason itself should free the creature who so is crowned from bonds to defend the weak and to treat the defenseless tenderly? Therefore, I conclude, as to the joint rights of men and of all creatures, that the most reasonable, namely, man, may exterminate the noxious, and may take of the harmless for his use, but only modestly; but that for mere sport he may not destroy at all.

I have touched above on one point, which further I will speak of; I mean the waste which attends hunting for sport. I know, indeed, there are many hunters (they are the best and gentlest of their kind) who, while they have keen zest for the exercise of their skill, nevertheless are never wanton, will not shoot birds at seasons when the killing of the old birds starves the brood, nor even at their mating times before the brooding, because this cuts nature's stream at the fountain; and such good hunters, indeed, see to it that their game is used somewhere for human benefit, and do nothing wantonly.

But these I fear are not very many among those who hunt for sport. It is plain that the waste is prodigious; for to this bear witness our plains denuded of their great splendid creatures, our woods despoiled of deer, our coast ravaged of birds, our small lakes drained of fish. Now this waste is a wrong; I fear not to say a gross wrong, even an impiety. Cite not for answer the prodigality of nature, which scatters thousands of seeds where one takes root, peoples her domains with creatures which destroy each other, and fills her interminable plains with flowers unwitnessed, fruits ungathered,—answer not thus; for there is no destruction in nature without purpose. The ends of the vast and glorious profusion around us are, first, to supply other creatures who live by prey; secondly, to keep room in plenty, whence the fact of death, which, when it be not inflicted by creatures that prey, comes by natural limitation at last, that other beings may have living space; thirdly, the evolution of new and finer forms, for thus assuredly the long and holy processes of creation come treading on the heels of destruction; fourthly, just beauty and grace for the time and the place where it is. Gray says,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air",

but I confess I like not the word *waste*. Emerson says better, that "beauty is its own excuse for being"; nor is beauty a waste to the Nature that has produced it, even though no other portion of nature's wealth of creatures witness the same. This, says the ancient poet, is the way of God,—

To cause it to rain on the earth where no man is,
On the wilderness wherein there is no man,
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground,
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth.

Job xxxviii:26.

Thus the prodigality of nature, and her endless tribes forever appearing, passing, disappearing, answer plainly these four ends; and how many more I pretend not to know or guess. But in these decrees there is no wantonness nor waste, but preservation and right balance of exuberances; but man's destruction when wanton is without use and a sheer waste, an interference with the natural movement of the orders of creatures, as if one lay a bold and arresting hand on divine machinery. What shall I call this? Impious? Nay, let me not be harsh; but thoughtless it is, and sad.

I will speak now of the reverence which all things and

creatures should excite in us. Reverence for delicate and mysterious things marks a high mind. A gentle soul approaches the rare and exquisite with a kind of awe, and a feeling that has a religious flavor. Now so should we feel toward the creatures around us, whether living with us domesticated, or ranging in the wild freedom of nature. Think of their beauty of form! Who would esteem himself if he injured carelessly a statue or a painting? Who would injure such a work wantonly and for love of doing the injury deftly? If the statue or painting were the only one in the world, how it would be guarded and cherished, and how infamous forever the hand that should destroy it! But if there are millions, still each one stands alone in its beauty, admirable as if the only one, an exquisite creation, to be lifted above wantonness or destruction not a whit the more if solitary nor a whit the less if multitudinous. So of the lovely creatures that bless our eyes on earth, in the air: is it not barbarous to find sport in defacing them?

Again, look at the creatures about us simply as curious mechanism, past all rivalry or imitation. I have such feeling for anything that goes, moving in regular order by recurrence, as if somewhere a mind lay in it, a pulse, a breath, that I cannot stop a watch or clock without conscience. But a watch is a gross thing compared to the creatures of the earth looked at only as exquisite machines. How can we violate that delicate play of parts which, once broken, we have no laboratory to repair, nor can make any part to fit, nor renew the arrested motion? Who made these machines? Who strung the cords, arranged the wondrous joints, the balls and sockets, the bellows, the levers? Who made the channels for the play of the force that runs somehow from the center which has never been found by man's most delicate probes, and speeds to the tips of wings, to the leaping feet, to the eye-lids, the ears, the tongue? Who made these things? 'Tis certain we did not. How then without awe or conscience can we destroy them ruthlessly—for sport!

But again, think of the mystery of life. These creatures are not only the most delicate machines, but they are mechanisms which have the power of knowing, seeking, gathering and applying their own fuel or sustenance; so that while their day lasts they seem to realize the dream (humanity's folly) of perpetual motion, as the wheeling and circling infinitude of the heavens does. This power of the creatures is what we call intelligence, desire, mind, life, soul, God. "I have no name for it; feeling is all; name is but sound and smoke veiling the glow of heaven." How we ought to stand in awe of such a fact! Think of it; at one moment there is an exquisite mechanism, beyond all our invention or imitation, and pervaded with the mystery of life, floating above us, careering on wings, mounting, poising, coming, going, wheeling in vast spirals until but a speck on the clouds, and again down-rushing with the speed of light; and all this with ecstasy of joy, flooding the air meanwhile with carols, such as these beings love to sing a-light on the pinnacle of a lightning-stripped tree, from whence they chant their perception of the glory of the landscape; and not only with song but with gleams of color flooding the space through which their graces of motion speed!—all this, I say, at one instant; and the next, we have dealt destruction from a distance, and all the motion, the song, the color, the mechanism, the life, has dropped into our hands, a mere mass of matter, a chemical congregation of atoms, which even now as we look the rapacious inorganic world begins on. This by our act; this out of—shall I say, our heart? our pity?

Finally, brethren, what is there that belongs more to a reasonable creature than to nurse tenderness of feeling? Is this enough thought of in the world? Do we understand as we should that feeling, like mind, or any capacity or knowledge, as skill in art, in mathematics, in experiment, in language, must be wrought by cultivation? For ourselves there is nothing more important; for assuredly nature is no more tender to us than we have learned to be to nature. I mean, that if we are hard at heart, the earth,

the sky, the waters, will have no rosy tenderness for us, and men no softness to our understanding; but we shall meet everywhere the hardness which is in us. And for others, how unspeakably needful that we should be tender! For this is the happiness, the help, the liberty of those who live with us. Now, does it help the heart to kill for sport? Or still worse, to maim for sport? Have you be-thought you that wherever hunters go, they not only kill, but maim many a creature who then drags itself away to a long, lingering, painful death, either of the wound or of starvation? These are quick nerves, friends, as quick as yours or mine; they feel the smart, the pang, the soreness as we would. A friend told me that on a hot afternoon of summer he walked along the reedy bank of a stream near which he had heard gunning early in the day. A slight noise drew his attention and he found under some slight cover a wretched wounded bird. The little creature had lain there all that hot day, in the lingering anguish of a wound inflicted in the early morning. My friend mercifully killed the harmless sufferer instantly; but what of the hunter whose sport had caused all that pain? And what of the certainty that it was but one of many not found and lingering in the pain for many days perhaps? These are cruel thoughts; if they come not to our hearts when we think of "sport", or if, though they come, we still hie to the sport, will this nurse our tenderness to our own benefit or to others?

I will end with a story which I like much better. It was told me by a venerable lady in Plymouth, Massachusetts, who knew the actors therein. There is a certain island near the New England coast which, being privately owned, has been preserved for a hunting ground, and is one of the few places where the deer still run in the woods. The owner treats his sporting friends to the privilege of hunting there as a great favor and courtesy. Once he took with him a novice in sport, and while they lay in cover, suddenly a noble stag marched from the forest full in view of the stranger. The two creatures, the speaking creature and the dumb, stood gazing at each other in mutual astonishment and admiration. After a little, the proud animal tossed his antlers, and turning about, trotted majestically away among the trees. The owner of the sporting ground came running to his friend: "Why didn't you shoot?" he cried, impatiently. The man started: "Shoot?", he said, "I never thought of it; I would as soon have taken aim at my grandmother!"

Do I need to sum up? Let us ask then seriously, what sport ought to mean; what the rights of the unspeaking creatures really are; what the piety or impiety of wanton waste of nature's most beautiful products, full of grace, of power, of beauty, of feeling, of intelligence; what our reverence ought to be for these delicate mechanisms and for the mystery of the life that surcharges them. And finally ask, whether we can be inattentive to these thoughts without hardening our hearts.

JAMES VILA BLAKE.

CHICAGO.

CHILDREN OF THE STREET.

It is a well-known fact that there is in Chicago to-day a large number, variously estimated by hundreds and by thousands, of homeless children, waifs of the gutter, street-Arabs, orphans or worse than orphans, or truants from homes of comparative decency. Besides this class there is a still larger number, who are beyond parental control, and who roam the streets and alleys all day although they go home at night. This evil of street and truant children is a growing one and is rapidly coming to be recognized as such by even the least sensitive citizens. Officer Dudley, of the Humane Society, reports that the difficulty of dealing with this evil is not diminishing, but rather increasing. This is due partly to the reluctance of the judges to commit vagrant children, when arrested, if any kind of parental care is shown; partly to the efforts of the county attorney to save the monthly fee that such children cost the county

when committed, and partly to the lack of institutions adapted to the care of dependent, not criminal, children. Meanwhile there is a growing sentiment, on the other hand, as to the grave danger to the community, and the consequent necessity of some more systematic dealing with these youthful candidates for the penitentiary.

The Illinois Industrial School for girls is felt by its directors to be inadequate and they are making efforts to expand it into a state institution, with a department for dependent children and another for juvenile offenders. The philanthropy section of the Woman's Club is investigating the case of the news-girls, flower-sellers, and girl-beggars. Another committee is consulting the feasibility of a training school for dependent boys, in connection with, although separate from, the reformatory at Pontiac. More than one Protestant church is seriously considering the establishment of such a school for Protestant boys as our Catholic brethren have at Feehanville.

What is needed now is for these various efforts to concentrate in such a way as to bring all available influence to bear upon the agencies at present in operation. We need the aid of the police, the courts and, perhaps, the legislature, but we need first and foremost a strong and well defined public opinion. With this there is little doubt that some plan can be adopted that shall secure the abatement of an evil so apparent and so universally deplored.

W. ALEX. JOHNSON.

CHICAGO.

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—We have settled a man. I voted against him on principle, and the principle is that what the majority wants is wrong. I got this way of putting it from Matthew Arnold's late lecture. It just suited me, because before I had heard of Mr. Arnold it was a fixed thing with me.

Just as I told you, our parish is on the brink of ruin. The man called is a young fellow from Harvard and don't suit me at all. He won't pitch into the orthodox. He says, let them alone to do their work, if they have any work. "Now, General", he says to me, "let us begin to show the world we have a great work to do, by doing it." What impudence in a young man! Have not I been at work finding all the fault I could with the other churches?

Then he talks of Unitarian affirmations and the great truth of God beneath all religions. And now and then he speaks of Buddha and Confucius and puts them in the "category of religious geniuses". Oh, dear! oh, dear! And just to think, the young people like this. Then he lauds Parker, and he don't put in any cautionary clauses. His sermons are short, but he makes the worship much longer than it used to be. He says he believes in a good sermon; but also believes in inspiring singing and real praying. He said he would emphasize the worship side and that he hoped some day we should have a liturgy in our church. Horrors! Mr. Editor, you see we are on the road to ruin. I told him plainly I wanted no Episcopal humbuggery on my plate. He smiled and did not seem a bit afraid.

Then again he don't seem to care about my telling him what would be good subjects to preach about. The other day I gave him a bit of advice, but he did not seem to take it well at all, and he went and preached just opposite to what I advised. And now to show the ruin that is upon us, after that very sermon everybody said that it did them good. Once in a while when he does happen to please me, and I say, "That was a good point in your sermon this morning", he says, "Thank you", and hopes it will do good. Other preachers thought it something when I said a sermon was good; but here we have this man saying he hopes his sermon will do good, and never seems a bit set up by my approval. Does not this mean death to our cause? If not, what does it mean? Then, again, he is always talking about parish life—parish life, and he calls our church the laymen's

church, and by "laymen I mean" said he, "the old and young—the fathers and the mothers, the sons and the daughters, and the little folks. It is your church this. It is not the church of the rich men only or of the influential men, but it belongs to all. Come one, come all." This is not his exact language, but it is as near as I can get it, so leave it in quotation marks.

And, as if we had not enough to do at home, he keeps talking about sending money to the A. U. A. and the W. U. C. He says we shall be better off if we give to these. What logic; that by giving to others to be richer ourselves. But that is his idea. Ruination! My plan has always been, help yourself first. We have always done this, and when we get able we intend sending a little to A. U. A. and W. U. C. But we are not able just yet. "Never will be", says my malicious friend. Don't understand him, for I should like to know if we save and save, if we shall not have more to give some day? That is my theory, and it is a sound one, too. You think so, Mr. Editor?

Then he has clubs, and makes a great deal of Christmas and Easter, and says they are the world's festivals—the world's great religious festivals; that they don't belong to any sect or creed or "ity", but to all hearts seeking union with the best in Nature. They had a responsive service Christmas. It is the first peep of Episcopalianism. I put my foot down on it, but it was of no use. Yours in sorrow,

GEN'L G. RUMBLER.

UNREST, April 12.

P. S. Since writing, new books have come for the Sunday-school, and they are all this new idea of a responsive service. Then, again, a Browning club has been started. We might have survived all else, but now it is sure death. I have tried Browning and know what I am talking about.

G. R.

The Some.

THE SONG OF THE HORSE.

A poor old stage horse, lank and thin,
Not much else than bones and skin,
I jog along, week out, week in,
Kicked, and cursed, and meanly fed,
Jammed in the side and jerked in the head—
And the thing I can't at all make out
Is, what on earth it's all about.

Why was I made to toil and tug
For this odd little human bug,
Two-legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft my ribs to batter—

Or why was he made, for that matter?
And, if I needs must be created,
Why is it that I was not fated
To prance and curvet, finely mated,
Silver-harnessed, sleek and fat,
With groom and blanket and all that?

Here I go, day after day,
Pounding and slipping down Broadway,
Dragging these curious biped things,
With fore-legs gone, and yet no wings—
Where they all go to I don't know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use heaven puts them to!

It wasn't my fault, you see, at all,
That my joints grew big and my muscles small,
And so I missed of a rich man's stall;
I'm clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow,
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know,

And his ribs can ache with the kick or blow,
As well as the glossiest nags that go.
O, Lord, how long will they use me so?
And when may the equine spirit go
Where glorified horses stand in a row,
Switching their bright tails to and fro,
Careless of either wheel or whoa—
Where oats are always *a propos*,
And flies don't grow—
Oh, no!
O!

—Selected.

"LOVING hands throw showers of crumbs,
Then, while birds their bounty gather,
Rosy cheeks and curly head
Bend and pray to God their Father:
'Give us, Lord, our daily bread'."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

It was a little old Bantam hen, lonely and sick and blind. She knew, if she went out into the barn-yard, the other fowls would plague her,—they hate sick folks so in hen-and-chicken world. So she sat in the darkest corner of the hen-house, feeling very badly, and thinking to herself, "It will take me three days to starve to death." The other hens saw her when they came home at night, but they only said, "Dying,—are you?" and some of them gave her a push and a peck. And the little Bantam felt worse and worse. But by chance a certain duck came by that corner, and when she saw the sick hen, she looked at her, and thought "You must be hungry", and turned, and waddled off, and filled her flat beak with thirty grains of barley, and coming back, laid them down right in front of the Bantam. And after that, twice every day, as long as the blind bird lived, that duck remembered her, and brought her a big beakful of barley. And little Bantam lived three weeks. They who told the story watched and saw it all. And so we know that even in hen-and-chicken world there are Good Samaritans and Florence Nightingales. G.

ANOTHER KIND.

The above illustration of unselfish caretaking for another shows as much sympathetic kindness within the limits of its own small range of comprehension as can be found, proportionately, within the limits of the little larger range, and each next little larger range, of what we are pleased to call "human" intelligence. We think we compliment an "animal" highly when we speak of him as having an "almost human intelligence", and we quite wither a "human" by stigmatizing him as "animal"! Yet many a man and woman has not advanced as far toward the spiritual kingdom as has many a horse, or dog, or as had that duck. What fellow-creatures we are to be sure! For there are creatures *and* creatures; and there are animals *and* animals no less than there are humans *and* humans. A true story from the *Home Guardian* follows below, and offsets the duck story. After all, it's not the animal nor the human of it, but just the *spirit* of it that makes or mars, and there's about as much in the one kind as the other, proportionately to its advantages, if we can but see it. It's *there* if we can bring it out. And if it's there, as far back as a duck, don't let us be discouraged in trying to bring it out of our nearer fellow-creatures.

THREE crows were watching a dog eating a piece of meat, and tried to snatch it, but in vain. They then flew off a short distance, and seemed to be consulting. Then they flew back, and two went as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dog's tail a sharp bite. Of course he turned with a yelp, when the two seized the meat and rose in the air, and the three crows ate it on a wall.

Unity Church-Door Pulpit.

SERIES III

NO. 4

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God.—*Luke xii: 6.*

The infinite life reveals itself to the faculties of man perhaps more effectively in small than in large things. Sometimes the microscope is a better preacher than the telescope. The former brings lessons of reverence to the child where the latter fails. The mosaic that sets in brilliant colors the butterfly's wing may move us more than the rings of Saturn. The curious adjustment of a bee's honey-gathering instruments reveals the artificer in nature more forcibly than mountains and caves. The power that giveth life and careth for a sparrow, "five of which are sold for two farthings", may suggest to us a providence near and absolute, which we may miss in the history of a nation. God's revelation breaks upon us in little things most often, and his presence missed in the whirlwind is recognized in the "still, small voice."

So it is with man. His character is revealed more truly in those things we call small than in those we call great. Let us not ask, "What will he do in the presence of a king?" but rather, "How do the children like him?" Did we seek the real character of a man, we had better ask it of his dog or his horse, if haply they might speak, than of his wealthy neighbor. During the first years of his administration the decisions of Abraham Lincoln concerning questions of national polity and military administration were matters of dispute, and caused many to question his insight and honesty. But when the terrible weight of a nation's fate was pressing upon him, he was seen running through the dewy grass on the lawn of the White House, in the early morning, trying to catch a callow birdling that had fallen, that he might restore it to its nest in the apple tree from which it had fallen during the night: no one could question then but that Abraham Lincoln's heart was in the right place. In such things men caught glimpses of that instinct that was safer than judgment. They were assured that his life was moored in principles more reliable than policies. The nation, knowing that, however often his logic might be false, his life would be true, first trusted, then loved Abraham Lincoln, as no other American has ever been beloved and trusted.

My text, in suggesting this gospel of and for the sparrows, "five of which were sold for two farthings", brings us back to the ever blessed certainties of religion:—not the disputed dogma but the indisputable kindness, not the questionable creed but the unquestioned tenderness, not what you think about heaven, Bible or even God, but how much heaven-making power there may be in you, what beatitudes do you exemplify, how godly—God-like—is your life. Hell is, by common consent at least, a state of suffering; but it does not matter much what you may think about it, compared to your hell-destroying power,—your desire and ability to reduce the suffering in the world. I would rather catch some unconscious hint that there is in you something of the divine care for a sparrow, five of which in these days are not worth even two farthings, than to have you sign your name to the most theistic creed ever framed or attempt to prove according to the most skillful methods the existence of a God. According to my thinking, the only way utterly to cast out of our churches

and our creeds the awful, inhuman and un-Godlike dogmas of endless woe and its correlatives, is by increasing the tenderness of the human heart, not by explaining away texts or piling up arguments. Montaigne was considered a good deal of a heretic, and he has been frequently catalogued among the atheists. But when he says, "I mortally hate cruelty and regard it the extreme of all vices. I cannot see a chicken's neck pulled off without trouble, and cannot without impatience endure the cry of a hare in my dog's teeth",—I cannot but think him very near the heart of Christ.

Come, friends, if we believe in religion let us exemplify it by tenderness, and if we want to perpetuate Christianity let us make it synonymous with kindness, let us reduce the cruelty in the world.

Let us look at some of the sources of cruelty. A hint is given us by the word itself. It finds a common root with the word *crude*. Cruelty holds kinship to ignorance. A large part of the world's suffering springs from stupidity. Ignorance is brutal without meaning to be so.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend."

The ill-timed truth we might have kept,
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we have not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

Life is ruthlessly destroyed all about us for want of the simplest conceptions of what life is. The Egyptians refrained from taking the life of the humblest creature lest thereby they might be turning the spirit of some ancestor out of doors. Some human soul on its way to perfection might be occupying, for the time being, that body. The poetry of the east finds something like proof in the science of the west. There is a tie that makes kindred all living things. The birds and worms are our little brothers and sisters,—our poor relations. Suffering is alike so far as it goes, whether you wrench off the wing of a fly or mutilate the arm of the boy who impales that fly with his pin. O, the suffering we cause by our ignorance! The hurts we give and never know they are hurts! Barbarous is the life that goes up and down the world, crashing like a tyrant through the joys and privileges of other beings without ever realizing that it is being done.

Thoughtlessness is the most fertile mother of cruelty. We flippantly do the violence we know to be violence, and, when reminded of it, our only justification is, "We never stopped to think." We cannot speak the word *thoughtlessness* without linking it with that larger word and deeper cause of cruelty—*selfishness*. How much more thought we give to self than to others! We remember our own suffering but forget that of others. If the boy stopped to think how uncomfortable the turtle must feel on his back, he certainly would not find amusement in such torture. If he remembered the orphan birdlings that are to be left in the nest, he would certainly shoot at some other mark than a mother-bird. I do not forget the fact that there is still left in man a deposit of the brute, that there is yet left in human nature a savage appetite for blood. I have no words adequate to describe the loathsome picture of a Chicago crowd

thirsting for a sight of a miserable human being dangling from the end of a rope; such as crowded our court yard at the recent miserable execution; but still I do think that the great mass of cruelty springs from ignorance and thoughtless selfishness. Cruelty can be cured only by intelligence. Thoughtfulness grows loving.

"The learned eye is still the loving one."

A desire to give pleasure overlying the greedy hunger for pleasure is an unquestioned mark of real civilization. O, Pleasure, thou hast inspired more cruelty than ambition, and caused far more torture to sentient beings than war!

The leading article in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for April, an article considered so attractive from a business stand-point that it is advertised on the outside cover, is one on "Fox-hunting", illustrated by a dozen pictures by the most clever pencil of Caldecott. Here is an old-time glorification of a "noble sport", a regret that it is in danger of dying out. There is indeed some recognition of the damage done to crops, the incivility of riding through gardens, over flower-beds, etc., etc., but no recognition of the brutality of the foolish chase, the danger to horse, the cultivation of the fiendish appetite for blood in hound and horseman, and the senseless torture to a frightened and defenseless animal. We are told of instances where the horse and rider, clearing the hedge, have landed among harrows and plows from which they have had to be sawed out; but there is a suggestion of what would seem to be a still greater calamity sometimes happening,—the horse clearing the hedge and landing right upon the frightened and fugitive fox himself, trampling him to death,—thus putting an untimely end to the sport, depriving the *ladies* and *gentlemen* of the amusement of the last triumph of the hounds.

Fortunately for this magazine, fortunately for England, fortunately for humanity and for the religion of humanity, alongside of this article on "Fox-hunting" there is one on "The Life-Saving Service". This tells of the valor, generosity, fortitude and self-sacrificing power of the humble shoremen. It tells of John George of the Yarmouth crew who, when he found himself with his fourteen comrades battling for life in the waves, reached for a piece of timber that would sustain him, but when he discovered that already a weaker comrade was clinging to it and that it would not probably sustain both, he cheerfully let go and said, "Good-bye, boys! I'll try for shore." How black are the joys of the pleasure-seekers set over against the lives of these rough life-savers!

We talk of the brutalities of war. What are they compared to the brutalities of the pleasure-seeker? Think of the old gladiatorial shows where thousands of would-be ladies and gentlemen, attired in Rome's gayest, breathlessly watched the contest between a starved lion and a doomed man! Come down through the ring of the bull-fight, much that goes with the modern horse-racings, the pigeon shootings where thousands of these beautiful birds, so gentle and spiritual in their symbolism, have been starved for weeks in crowded crates that at the proper time and place they may be let loose one by one, that genteel bullies may practice upon them with their patent breech-loading rifles. Montaigne, from whom I have already quoted, tells us that Pythagoras was used to buy the booty of the fishermen and fowlers that he might again restore them to their liberty; and he himself confesses, "I hardly ever take beast alive that I do not presently turn him out."

I do not wish to go beyond the limits of common sense. Religion, if it is anything, must be reasonable. I believe in pastimes and like the dexterity of the sportsman. I believe that even gunpowder has been a means of grace in the world. I accept the grim law of the "survival of the fittest". I recognize it as a necessity of progress that the lower life must needs give way to the higher. I confess myself a meat eater. But I can but believe that a higher religious standard will shame both the theory and the prac-

tice of our sportsmen. The only hunting that I can find any religious justification of is that which the professional contemptuously calls "pot-hunting";—if I understand the phrase, *i. e.*, hunting as a business, not as a pastime. Law-observing butchers are not sportsmen; the former's is a trade the legitimacy of which is established by the sanctions and necessities of the entire country. I honor the man who with his rod or gun succeeds in feeding hungry children and contributes to the food supply of the world; but I do not understand that code of honor that disdains to shoot a quail while it rests on the fence but thinks it very honorable to expose it to the greater danger of being maimed and mutilated by shooting at it when it is on the wing, to slaughter the noble deer, to whiten our western plains with the bones of the almost extinct buffalo, confessedly for the chief purpose of displaying a marksman's skill, to see them fall and to watch them die. I recognize the healthfulness of a tramp in the woods, a week in camp; but I do wish we could begin to teach our boys to hunt like Henry Thoreau, "without rod or gun", to renounce the pleasures that are based on cruelty, and to be ashamed to take life under any circumstances except to save life. I wish we could do more towards teaching our boys the sanctity of life in all its forms, the sacredness of all God's creatures.

Aye, not wholly our boys, for we are just being aroused in these days to the awful fact that the civilized world is fast being denuded of its brightest ornamentation, its sweetest songsters, not by the wanton hands of the male sex either, but by what has been characteristically termed "the dead-bird wearing gender". It is estimated that there are 25,000,000 human beings who belong to this gender in this country, and that 10,000,000 of them are of the "dead-bird wearing" age. A careful student estimates that this 10,000,000 will average at least one bird apiece once every two years. This necessitates the sacrifice of 5,000,000 birds each year to decorate American women. The same authority fixes the number of North American birds that have thus far been sacrificed to science, those that are preserved in the public and private museums of the world, at 500,000. Ten times as many sacrificed in one year to the ornamentation of ladies' hats as science has received perhaps in thirty years. But we may recoil from these figures and distrust the result arrived at by such generalization. So let us take the more reliable figures of commerce—there is no sentiment in the statistics of trade: 40,000 terns have been exported for millinery uses from Cape Cod alone in one season, and 1,000,000 rails and bob-o'-links have been killed in a single month in the neighborhood of Philadelphia and passed through that market. A single village on Long Island has sent to New York 70,000 birds in four months. An enterprising woman milliner of New York city last year had a single contract with a Parisian house for the skins of 40,000 birds at 40 cents apiece, and an army of murderers, young and old, were turned out to destroy the life of these animated flowers of nature, not one of which is forgotten in the sight of God, at the rate of ten cents apiece. The same writer says that from the more abundant bird-fields of the Pacific slope "their skins are brought east in bales like the peltries of the furriers or the skins of the bison, and must range into the hundreds of thousands annually".

One gunner near Coney Island reported that he, with his associates, had sent, during the summer of 1883, 30,000 terns to the New York market. This would make 15,000 pairs, many, perhaps most of them, killed during the nesting season, which cut short the life, with more or less agony, of 30,000 young birds. But these figures roll up so fast that again we lose our power of appreciating the pain that lies back of them and the coarseness and hard-heartedness that underlies them. Let us look at the thing in detail. In a Madison avenue horse-car in New York city were recently thirteen women, eleven of whom wore birds as follows: 1, heads and wings of three European starlings; 2, an entire bird (species unknown), of foreign

origin; 3, seven warblers, representing four species; 4, a large tern; 5, the heads and wings of three shore-larks; 6, the wings of seven shore-larks and grass-finches; 7, one-half of a gallinule; 8, a small tern; 9, a turtle-dove; 10, a vireo and a yellow-breasted chat; 11, ostrich-plumes. This makes 26½ birds, without counting the ostrich feathers, which, under the present system of ostrich farming, for all I can learn, is a legitimate article of commerce and a commendable ornamentation. A writer in *Forest and Stream* recently took two walks late in the afternoon among the shopping districts of New York for the purpose of studying birds on bonnets, with the following result: some 700 hats were counted, 77 3-7 per cent. of which bore feathers; of the remaining 22 4-7 per cent., 12 2-7 per cent. were worn by ladies in mourning, leaving but 10 2-7 per cent. of innocent hats. The list of birds enumerated is too large to be quoted, but among them we find, 4 robins, 1 brown-thrush, 3 blue-birds, 3 black-capped flycatchers, 3 scarlet tanagers, 23 wax-wings, 15 snow-buntings, a bobolink, 9 Baltimore orioles, 5 bluejays, 1 king-fisher, 24 woodpeckers of different varieties, 16 quails, 1 Acadian owl, 7 grebes, 5 sanderlings, 1 green heron, 2 grouse, 2 meadow larks, 5 warblers, and 21 terns. I am not given to observing things in a mathematical way, but the other day I found myself in the company of 16 hats under which sat 16 intelligent, kind-hearted, religious women, moderately dressed. Upon these hats were impaled 7 birds, 5 pairs of wings, and 3 wore feathers.

All this suggests an amount of cruelty that is appalling, and yet our women are not cruel. They do represent the gentler side of humanity. Still it was *women* that necessitated one London dealer, when the fashion was at its height, to receive a single consignment of 32,000 dead humming-birds.

“Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o’erswung,—
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers*, too,
Bright-Eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdling’s despair,—
Somewhere, for that?

Caught ’mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled!
Women want that?

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—
Death: and for that!”

Now, the worst thing about this bird-decoration is not the silencing of so many throats that make cheerful desolate places and unconsciously brighten the world, not the blurring of so many bright wings and denuding shores and fields of those animals that alone are incapable of moving except on lines of beauty,—though this is bad enough, in all conscience! But the worst of it is that it unconsciously desecrates so many of the finer feelings of the human heart. It deadens boys to the sense of the sanctity of life, makes them more anxious to own rifles, and less scrupulous about robbing birds’ nests, throwing stones and using their “sling-shots”, making them boastful of their deeds of cruelty. Two ten-year-old lads boasted last fall that they had killed with their sling-shots 50 robins and other pretty birds, and this was in the little village of Bridgehampton, L. I. Why should boys be ashamed of killing what their mothers wear? Among the Druses to shoot a lark is vis-

ited with condign punishment. Such minstrelsy must have in it divine sacredness, they think. Can we hope to acquire that sensitiveness to things transcendent, that sensibility to celestial harmonies, that characterizes the spiritual life, while mothers, sisters and wives consent to silence the song in order to parade the feather? We would naturally expect the city that afforded the newspaper the item that a certain young girl’s evening dress was trimmed with canary birds, 50 of them entering into the loopings of the skirt, also to furnish the item that a certain lady of wealth and position was in the habit of giving her cat a weekly treat of three live canary birds, which she let loose in the room in order that Tabby might enjoy them to the utmost. The last purchase was interfered with by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and she was driven in her own carriage to her husband’s office and from there to the police court.

I would not be too severe in this matter. I know that this cruelty to birds springs not from heartlessness but from thoughtlessness, not so much from deliberate cruelty as from ignorance of what it all means. I believe in ornamentation, and see no reason why, under certain circumstances, the cast-off plumage of a bird may not decorate a woman. I object only to such plumage as involves the sacrifice of a life for the obtaining of the same. I also trust that this danger to our poor but beautiful relations in feathers will be averted so soon as it is fairly and publicly stated. Already England has its anti-plumage society among the women. France and Germany have laws for the protection of birds, and most of their millinery stock has to be imported. The bird-laws of the United States are being revised and new ones are being enacted, and all will be better enforced. New York has its bird-protection society. *Science*, the New York paper whose spirit is indicated by its name, has its paper of 16 pages on “The Destruction of Our Native Birds”, which has been published as a bulletin by the “American Ornithologists’ Union” and is being widely circulated. To this publication I am indebted for most of the figures in this discourse, and I trust you will all do what you can to read and circulate it.

The artist has come to the defense of the birds, his fellow-laborers in the fields of beauty. A recent number of *Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Weekly* gives a cartoon which is pathetic in its pleading: seven women-faces under bird-bearing hats, none of them birdlike either in sweetness or in joy, in the upper corner of an open field in which a big, broad-shouldered man with his gun is shooting the little birds; a half hundred victims are lying by the game-sack, that is already over-full, at the roots of a tree. The Ohio “S. P. C. A.” has published for free distribution Mr. Gannett’s “Halo”, which I have just read to you. The Queen of England has set her face against the bird-wearing practice of women and promises to issue an appeal to her subjects. The Selborne Society has organized its plumage section in order to protest against the fashion of wearing dead birds, among the members of which are Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Sir Frederick Leighton, and many other men and women of position and influence. Let these facts be known and soon there will be a change; for where religion and the humanities are too weak, fashion will be strong enough to set its ban upon the thoughtless practice.

Not only for the sake of calling your attention to these doleful facts and for making a plea for the bird who cannot plead for itself, do I preach against the “Slaughter of the Innocents”, but because, as I said at the outset, I recognize in these small things of men the great things of God. Lowly claims present to us high duties. Upon the sparrows, five of which were sold for two farthings, are based the laws which make choiring angels possible. Upon the lily and the swallow does the kingdom of heaven find sure foundations. The hand that wantonly impales a lark or thoughtlessly stabs a deer’s fawn is somehow, I do believe, in fell though unconscious league with the cruel hands that drove the nails into the cross on Calvary nineteen hundred

years ago. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And he who stands between the sea-gull and her murderer, and saves the white breast for the birdling that otherwise would starve on the rocky coast, even though thereby some Easter bonnet must go without its questionable beauty, does somehow side with the Lord Jesus. In so far he becomes more truly a communicant at the Christian table than he who on bended knee prepares himself for his close communion by pouring out his selfish pleas for the salvation of his own soul.

"He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men",

said the gentle William Blake. Religion demands at our hands something better even for the despised English sparrow than the poisoned crumbs which some good Christians recommend to them,—a mode of warfare which recalls the old barbarities that poisoned wells and infected cargoes of merchant-vessels, visiting death on innocent and guilty alike. Says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "I am myself more than tolerant of the somewhat intrusive intimacy of the English sparrow. No other birds outside the barnyard let me come so near to them, not even the pigeons." Yes, pert, impudent, but splendidly self-reliant little intruder! You come a great deal more than half-way to meet man. Perhaps if we were as willing to go to thee as thou art to come to us, we might discover uses and beauties that would make us more friendly than we are. But let us deal in no mock sentiment. I remember to-day the travail in the human hive. I hear the wail of the poor, and am not indifferent to the fever and strain that threatens great trouble between capital and labor. I do not turn away from the problems of the workingman in trying to speak a word for those who are unable to speak for themselves. If I did not believe in the divinity that hedges round about a skylark's song, I would disbelieve in the human soul and its ideals, which the song so well typifies. I believe so much in religion that I believe it is big enough to make beautiful a woman's brow without the help of a humming-bird's dead body. O, boys! there is plenty of fun in the world that is not cruel; there is sport that does not kill. O, men! does not civilization bring to us resources that will make our recreations, as well as our industries, bloodless? Are there no pastimes that are exhilarating which do not violate the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill!"—certainly not for sport? O, women, there is a beauty that

"Begets the smiles that have no cruelty."

Let us join, good men and women everywhere, in trying to increase the value of life. Life, life everywhere is from God, "more life and fuller that we want." I know one form of it must often be sacrificed to another. All progress is a series of deaths as well as of births. But let us not wantonly destroy. I know not how we are to escape from the struggle of existence that necessitates life-taking, except by passing through it; but in the name of the practical, the useful, the beautiful, let us religiously heed the five sparrows that cost but two farthings, for they also are sacred.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when our teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to our door?
* * * * *

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Notes from the Field.

CHICAGO.—At the noon meeting of Sunday-school teachers, April 12, Mr. Utter led upon the subject of kindness in its various relations, as of parent to child, children to each other, and to dumb animals. The leader thought that in choosing illustrations of the kindness of God great care should be used. God's kindness is seen in his laws and adaptations for our good; God's justice is the action of laws made for our good. Faber's hymn, "There's a Wilderness in God's mercy", was cited as containing valuable suggestions. Mr. Blake cited *waste* as an act of unkindness; what we waste might help those in need. We waste books, papers, magazines that would help many starving minds. It was stated that there was enough wasted in this country to keep all our paupers several times over. The third question led into a discussion of the comparative merits of the prophet and the priest. The prophet is the inspirer, and the priest the crystallizer of the prophet's teachings.

S. P. C. A.—These initials have become the familiar sign of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals". The first of the name was called "Royal" and was organized in London in 1825. Forty-one years later, in 1866, one was organized in New York. The Pennsylvania Society dates from 1867. That of Massachusetts dates from 1868. Now nearly every state in the union has its parent and branch organizations. The Bands of Mercy, the children's end of this society, enroll their members by the thousands, and they now number 5,144 bands.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The Unity Club reports what other clubs may like to remember for next winter,—a most successful evening over Longfellow's "Michael Angelo". "The success of course was in the reading; but the drama was cut so as to limit the time to one hour and twenty minutes, taking the important scenes, yet keeping to what little plot there is in it. A paper was read as an introduction, giving a short sketch of the characters, and each scene so described that the audience knew what to anticipate."

ILLINOIS.—The Humane Society for this state has its headquarters at room 27, 113 Adams street, Chicago. It has 67,120 children enrolled in its Bands of Mercy. During the month of February 179 complaints were investigated in Chicago alone. All complaints should be sent to the secretary, H. W. Clarke, at the above address. The *Humane Journal*, its organ, is published at 242 Wabash avenue, this city. Send for samples.

BIRD PROTECTION.—"The ministers of Boston have taken concerted action in adopting resolutions to be used in petitioning the legislature in behalf of the birds. The Unitarian ministers of New York city have promised individually to treat the subject publicly. Bishop Potter and Mr. Beecher have also preached upon it,—the latter a special and very forcible sermon."

OUR FELLOW-WORKER, Rev. G. E. Gordon, has been engaged for several months in New York in preparing statistics, publishing and circulating material in connection with the New York Ornithological Club for the protection of birds and the suppression of the thoughtless vanity among women which has created such a ghastly demand for the plumage of birds.

MISSOURI.—The Missouri Humane Society expended \$4,198.84 last year. It has investigated 1,800 cases of cruelty, 118 have been prosecuted. Great need of fountains, much barbarity in the treatment of dogs, and terrible cruelty in slaughter-houses, are reported.

BOSTON.—The agents of the S. P. C. A. for the month of March dealt with 145 complaints of cruelty, prosecuted 12, convicted 8, 2 are pending, and 39 animals were humanely killed.